

"The Cee-Ay"

VOL. I.

March 14, 1922

NO. I.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

If ever a man lived, who was justified in being stuck on himself, it was George Washington, late of Mt. Vernon. He has been stuck on a good many things—principally letters—or rather, his likeness has. You have all noticed George's likeness as it appears on the two cent postage stamp wearing a look of self-satisfaction. It has been frequently remarked that George was never licked until he got on the postage stamps, and then only when his back was turned.

I repeat, that George Washington had just cause to throw bouquets at himself, for he certainly possessed, to a remarkable degree, the gift of getting his name in the papers and having cities, streets and pies named after him, without it costing him a cent.

Look at that tale of the little hatchet and the cherry tree with which you are doubtless familiar. Think of the advertising he got out of such a trifling deed. I have had the story rubbed into me until I have come to believe it as a gospel truth. That George Washington was startled into telling the truth upon this occasion we are bound to admit. Think, my fellow students, how a man's whole life may be influenced by a trifling circumstance. Suppose, if George Washington's father, instead of being such a sentimental old cuss, on hearing that his son had monkeyed with a sharp hatchet and tried its edge on his pet cherry tree, had hastily removed him to the seclusion of the wood shed and then there, with a shingle or other convenient weapon, proceeded to tan that portion of George's anatomy which the British never were permitted to gaze upon. Instead of growing up to be the father of his country, he might have become dejected and sullen and developed into a lawyer instead of the president of the United States. The moral of all this is, that one should strive to tell the truth even at some personal inconvenience especially when one is likely to be found out in the end, anyhow.

God Bless George Washington.
CHARLES KILCRECE, '22.

Half Rates.

Beggar: "Please give a poor old blind man a dime."

Begges: "Why you can see out of one eye."

Beggar: "Well, then give me a nickel.—(Sun-Dodger.)

Q.—How long is a Chinaman?
A.—Yeah!! Now stop.

ACADEMY FOOT-BALL.

In reading this, don't we beg of you, gentle readers, (ah) take any pains to discover the identity of the writer. Just engage any member of the 1921 Academy football squad in a few minutes conversation on the above named subject, Academy Football, and compare the results with the sentiments voiced herein.

Far be it from me to seem impertinent or desirous of handing out a lot of slams promiscuously, but now that our dreams of an academy paper have been realized and we have an organ through which to voice our sentiments, I, for one, can see no reason why we shouldn't voice them.

Dissatisfaction with last year's academy team has been expressed. We, the team itself, want to go on record as being more, yes much dissatisfied with the whole season in general.

Why then, all this dissatisfaction? It can't possibly be the coaches, for it has been long since an academy team was so ably coached and drilled in the rudiments of the game.

What then, is it? Lack of spirit among the students or even among the members of the squad itself? No, I say, no! You know, some how or other some one gathered the impression that about nine-tenths of the men who answered the call last Autumn did so because it meant being photographed in a football suit, which impression caused remarks to be made along that line.

I maintain that the majority of the aspirants for a berth on the team went out because they wanted to play football, and were willing to work and sweat in order to make the team. Without appearing over-conceited, I think I may say that we have some of the very best gridiron material to be seen in any High School in the Middle West.

And that material was drilled into a smooth working high school team as will be seen anywhere—in practice.

After a month of hard work, what happened? A game! Honest Injun! Well, we lost. I suppose that started all this. Anyhow, we kept at the old grind, living in the hope of winning a game—if given an opportunity.

The contest with Dubuque High School will long be remembered, and is still fresh in the minds of all, so why haggle over it? We won, even if by a single touchdown. The spirit shown at this game alone should be sufficient to disprove any lack-of-spirit arguments.

Following this we spent a long four weeks of hard intense practice. Overcome with various emotions,

I forbear to dwell upon the next game, the one with Campion Academy.

That game concluded the season, unsatisfactorily no doubt, but concluded it nevertheless.

We all realize, I think, that it takes a great deal of money to equip a team and to secure games for traveling expenses, etc. But on reflection, did the games we played cost so very much after all? The first two were played with resident teams of the city and the one trip was the only vitally expensive of the three as I see it.

Football is likened to war, the teams being armies on the field, and the captains, to the generals. (By the way, who was our captain?)

It is also true that generals and soldiers alike are made in battle. Drilling and military maneuvers do much for an army, but soldiers bearing the scars of many battles always equip themselves the better, and win most victories.

What sort of showing would we have made if we had had more games? Who knows? We'll never know!

If I didn't feel that my suggestions were ill-timed, to say the least, I would make several. But what's the use? It's all over now.

Venimus, videmus —, yes, we did,—once. Cheer up fellows, we had noble ambitions at least.

J. M. S., '22.

TRACK.

Our athletic director, Father Stefanus, has informed us that this year will see Columbia in track meets. This will be the first team since 1916, so no meets will be scheduled until it is known if the track team would be able to make a showing, but if it is found that we have men of ability here, a varsity team will probably be organized.

In order to find out if there are men with hidden ability, class meets will be held, and probably a meet between Loras and St. Joseph halls. Coach Dayenport is working out some "dope" now and will tell us by the end of the week.

It is probable that there will be an academy track team. There are men here who can show their heels to most track athletes and a meet will probably be held between some of the high schools nearby.

Q.—Why is Spex so crazy about dumb-bells at Fizikle Torture?"

A.—Birds of a feather flock together.

"THE CEE-AY"

"THE CEE-AY"

Published weekly in the interests of Columbia Academy.

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Editor | Gerald Yore, '23 |
| Ass't Editor..... | William Scherer, '23 |
| Columbianics.... | Arnold Stierman, '23 |
| | Hamilton Welch, '23 |
| Sports | Kenneth Coleman, '23 |
| Jokes..... | Wm. Scherer, '23 |
| Business Manager.... | Albert Boyer, '23 |
| Proofs..... | Joseph Clause, '23 |
| Typists | |
| Louis Franke, '22 | Ihos. Brennan, '23 |
| Joseph Tritz, '22 | Clarence Goerdt, '23 |
| Chas. Kilcrece, '22 | Marianno Falgui, '24 |

Editorial

"Well, here I am," says the Cee-Ay. "My first appearance."

Yes, here it is and the Staff says this to the students of St. Joseph's Hall: "Lest there be any misunderstanding among us, we ask everyone to look at the bulletin board, and read thoroughly the rules governing the publications of the Cee-Ay."

It states specifically that this paper is to be managed by the third Ac's. Here is where the difficulty arises. The Juniors of St. Joe Hall compose the Staff, and lest there be any hard feeling or discontent among our Senior classmates of '22, we say that we, the Juniors, are not trying, no do we wish to be the BIG I in this. It is up to us to put out this paper. We shall do most of the work because it is easily seen that we are not so pressed for time as the Seniors are.

We ask the graduating class of '22 not to think that we are trying to run things. No, we are not. We merely want to save valuable time for the Seniors. On the other hand, we will appreciate very much any articles that the 4th Ac's may find time to write.

Nor do we think the Seniors will "horn in" as the saying is. We realize their position and we are satisfied that they do not wish to be what some may think we are trying to be—The BIG I. We repeat that if at any time the Seniors may find time to write up some article, current event, or joke, rest assured that the Staff will appreciate their effort.

—W. G. Scherer, '23.

Does this issue seem rather a disappointment to you? If it does you can take your share of the blame. Notices have been posted and members of the staff have just about pleaded with other students to hand in jokes and especially news about things that happen on the campus. True some have come up and told us

about such happenings, but do you expect a person to remember a dozen jokes, five or six poems, two or three ads and so forth? If you have something, write it out and hand it in at room 224. Some one will be on duty in the room each period, and will take care of your articles.

Don't depend on someone else to tell us about it, write it out and do it yourself. Especially day students, if you don't let us know what you're doing, we will be unable to publish your articles.

Some of the members of the student body have not as yet subscribed. It has been suggested that we publish a black list and that suggestion is being considered.

—G. A. Y., '23.

EXPERIENCE.

'Twas a bleak and dreamy morn,
And I was seated in my room,
When along there came my worthy pard,

To talk with me and break the gloom.

He sat himself upon my bed,
And we began to chat,
About the team, about the marks,
First this thing, then that.

There came a rap, a heavy rap,
Upon my great oak door,
And I upon my worthy pard,
Did maledictions pour.
I said, said I, "Beneath the bed,
Or get behind the door."
Beneath the bed he then did get,
Upon the dusty floor.
With shaky hand I turned the key,
And let the Father in.
And all the while a great fake smile
Was standing on my chin.
A Reign of Terror he began,
Within my little room,
And as he neared my little bed,
My heart was filled with gloom.
And when he moved the bed aside,
He spied my worthy pard,
And I grew shaky at the knees,
For his face grew cold and hard.
He said, said he, "What does this mean?"

I stood with head bowed low.
He then did say, "Go, get thee hence,
For two odd weeks or so!"
And so I sit in the study hall,
I must sit ten days mode;
And friend, let me advise you thus,
"Stay outside your neighbor's door!"

—F. Powers, '22.

R. I. P.

There was a young lady from Guam,
Who said, "Now the sea is so calm,
I will swim for a lark."
But she met with a shark,
We will now sing the 99th Psalm.

At Ease.

Frank: "What's that over there—submarine?"

Nic: "Naw—Huck, just coming up for air. Soup this noon.

THE DUMB-BELL RACQUE.

Naturally.

The other day a man dashed into the Grand Central station with just one minute to catch the "Century." He made a flying dive for the ticket window.

"Quick, give me a round-trip ticket."

"Where to?"

"Back here, you fool."—Didrymus.

* * *

Over Sight.

He: "When I married you, I adored you—I could have fairly devoured you! Now I regret that I didn't."

* * *

Probably.

She: "What makes the leaves turn red, in the fall?"

He: "They're blushing to think how green they were all summer."—Burr.

* * *

No Profit.

Two Hebrew merchants met.

"What's this I hear? You had a big fire at your place?"

"Oh no. It's coming off next week."

"But you are insured too, aren't you?"

"Yes—fire and hail insurance."

"I can understand being insured against fire; but how can you make it hail?"—Le Rire.

* * *

Ambitious.

He bought himself some running shoes;

The world he would astound!

And then the spikes were too darned long

He could not leave the ground.

—Didymus.

* * *

Headline: "Landlord mistaken for bandit—shot." Sounds plausible.

* * *

The Ruling Passion.

He owned a handsome touring car
To ride in it was heaven,
He ran across some broken glass—
Bill—fourteen ninety-seven.

He took some friends out for a ride
'Twas good to be alive.
The carburetor threw a fit—
Bill—twenty eighty-five.

He started on a little tour,
The finest sort of fun
He stopped too quick and stripped
the gears,
Bill—ninety fifty one.

He took his wife downtown to shop,
To save carfare was great
He jammed into a lamp post
Bill—two sixty eight.

He spent about all that he had
And then in anguish cried
"I'll put a mortgage on my home,
And take just one more ride."

* * *

I T H A N K Y O U.

W.G.Scherer, '23.

ATHLETICS

ACADEMY BASKETBALL.

We all know now that we have a wonderful little basketball team representing us this year. At the beginning of the season the prospects were far from promising, but under Coach Kelleher's coaching and by the earnest work of the men on the squad we were able to overcome all opponents with the exception of Epworth and Des Moines. Following are the scores of the games.

Jan. 14—Midways, 7; Academy, 21.
Jan. 21, St. Mary's, 14; Academy, 36.
Jan. 25—Dubuque H., 18;

Academy, 20

Feb. 1—Fort Dodge, 8; Academy, 22.
Feb. 10—Epworth, 23; Academy, 20.
Feb. 18—Campion, 8; Academy, 9.
Feb. 24—St. Mary's, 12; Seconds, 11.
Mar. 3—Cascade, 17; Academy, 25.
Opponents—117. Academy—164.

The team will remain practically unchanged. "Pop" Diamond, our wonderful guard, is the only member of the team that will graduate. It will be hard to find a man to fill Martin's position as he fills it, but we'll hope for the best.

THE CLASS LEAGUES.

Much interest has been shown this year in the class games. Probably because this hall is represented by four teams instead of one as last year.

The Senior league games have all been very exciting. The Freshman Arts against the Freshman Science was one of the most interesting of the games. The Third Academic Boarders vs. the Third Academic Boarders also furnished plenty of thrills.

At the present the Fourth Academic Boarders are in the lead. The following are averages of the first four teams. The others are out of the race:

| Team | Won | Lost | Pct. |
|---------------------|-----|------|------|
| Fourth Ac. Boarders | 6 | 1 | .857 |
| Freshman Arts | 5 | 1 | .827 |
| Seniors | 4 | 2 | .666 |
| Freshman Science | 3 | 2 | .600 |

The following games are still to be played:
Freshman Arts vs. Freshman Science
Sophomores vs. Freshman Science
Freshman Acs vs. Third Ac Board'rs
Freshman Science vs. Fourth Ac Boarders

Lets all get together as we did for the 4th Ac vs. Seniors, and we will sure have the cup down at our hall.

The Junior league championship has been won by 1-B division. 1-B easily won all of their six games.

Seniors vs. Fourth Ac's.

The Seniors and the Fourth Ac Boarders met Friday night to decide which team was the best, and the Fourth Ac's decided they were, and the Seniors admitted it. And we'll

all admit it.

The game started and finished fast. At the end of the first half the score was tied, four all, the Fourth Ac's making their's all on free throws.

In the second half the speed continued and also the excitement. Not until the very last minute of the play was there a difference of more than two points in the score. In that minute "Pop" put in a darr, from mid-floor and Armstrong took the tip off and sank his in without touching the rim. Final score 12-8.

The close guarding on both sides kept the score down. It was Hanrahan's accurate free-throwing that kept the Fourth Ac's in the lead.

The members of the Fourth Ac team wish to thank the student body of St. Joseph's Hall for their support and ask it for their next game.

Box Score.

| O'Toole (c) | 2 | 0 | 2 | 2 |
|---------------|----|----|----|----|
| SENIORS | FG | FT | PF | TF |
| Lawler (f) | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Burns (f) | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 |
| Coogan (g) | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 |
| Fagan (g) | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 |
| Totals | 3 | 2 | 8 | 5 |
| FOURTH ACS | FG | FT | PF | TF |
| Diamond (f) | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Keane, (f) | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Hanrahan (c) | 0 | 5 | 3 | 0 |
| Armstrong (g) | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| O'Donnell (g) | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Kopel (f) | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 3 | 6 | 6 | 0 |

Substitutes: Kopel for Keane.
Fouls: Called on Seniors, 13;
Fourth Acs, 6.
Fouls: Made by Seniors, 2;
Fourts Acs, 6.
Referee: Wilson, University of Dubuque.
Timekeeper: Fr. O'Hagan.

BASEBALL.

Baseball started as soon as the snow left the ground and now practise has started. The batteries were called out last Wednesday and the following have reported: Pitchers, Nevins, Forkenbrock, Clements, Kopel, O'Connor. Nevins and Forkenbrock were the twirlers during last season and all are good men. Kopel and Bertsch played in the infield last year and both played star games. Clements and McGarvey are the two new men. Clements will endeavor to show the boys the curves from the Blue Grass state. The catchers, headed by Lasance, who was elected captain for this year are: McAleer, McPartland, Gallogly, Scherer, Sprengelmeyer and Gorman. Lasance will doubtless hold his old position. McPartland was a member of the squad last spring and is expected to repeat this year. Gorman, Scherer,

McAleer, Gallogly and Sprengelmeyer are new men to the squad.

The rest of the squad will be called out as soon as the diamond is dried up enough to permit practise.

"It says here, Ford is experimenting with pasteboard bodies for his cars."

"Bring on the scissors and glue, Garcon—we've had a smash."

* * *

It seems to the "Fan" that its about time to drop this trivial discussion of empires, and begin discussions with umpires.

* * *

The negro parson wa sconcluding the funeral oration "—and, Bre'r Thompson, we all sincerely hope you is where we specs you ain't."

Mooted Questions of History.

1. What countries fought the Franco-Prussian war?
2. How long did the hundred years war last?
3. Who wrote Franklin's Autobiography?
4. What two orators took part in the Lincoln-Douglas debates?
5. Who was president during Wilson's administration?

"When I sleep my room-mate kicks me in the face."

"Turn yer back on duh brute."

Questions Asked Us.

Q.—Which side of the porcupine has the most quills?

A.—Outside, foolish .

Q.—What is a button?

A.—A button is a small affair that always comes off, Cyril.

Q.—Who makes Moonshine?

A.—Shhh!—Don't tell anyone I told you.

Q.—Why is a slippery sidewalk like music?

A.—If you don't C sharp, you'll B flat, Paderosky.

Q.—What color socks did Napoleon wear at Waterloo?

A.—Sky—Blue—Pink. But don't get so personal.

Q.—What is meant by the stuff that dreams are made of?

A.—Powder, paint, and false teeth, John dear.

Q.—Can you telephone from a train going 75 miles an hour?"

A.—Sure! Think we're blind?"

* * *

They do say that Hung Tu Long is a dead Chink.

* * *

The Best Firm.

A pretty good firm is Watch & Wayte,
Another is Attyte, Erlye & Layte,
And still another is Doo & Daret,
But the best of all is Grinne & Barrett.—Didymus.

“THE CEE-AY”

Around Dubuque

Each week we will try to give a story connected with some landmark near this Hall or some that all the readers are acquainted with.

This the first, is the story of the little cottage across Fourteenth Street. It was written by Marc Mullany, '16, was found in a back number of the Spokesman.

THE COTTAGE ACROSS THE STREET.

Looking out across Fourteenth Street from the College, one sees a weather-beaten cottage opposite the chancel of our chapel. That little cottage is associated with one of the saddest bits of history I have ever known. I wonder how many people of our city, how many students of St. Joseph's, have heard the tragic story of a family that used to live there before our College was planted on this hill.

One evening I happened to be passing that cottage in company with a pioneer citizen of Dubuque, and he told me the following remarkable story, which is strictly true:

“Overy fifty years ago when I was a boy, a family named McSorley lived in that little cottage over there. Now, it looks old and dilapidated, but then, under the loving care of Mrs. McSorley, a more attractive little place could not be imagined. Vines covered the entire cottage, while in the front a well kept garden gave a touch of a sharp contrast to the background beautifully green.

“In the cottage lived Mrs. McSorley and her two boys, Tom and Jim. They were a happy family. By her labors at the wash-tub, Mrs. McSorley supported herself and the two small boys. From daybreak until evening she worked unceasingly, never complaining, but making the little cottage radiate with happiness and motherly good will. Tom and Jim were a sore trial to her. Generous and kind-hearted, they loved their mother very dearly, but they were high spirited and impetuous. For years their mother had labored to restrain their impulsiveness, and at last she was beginning to succeed.

“Tom was my particular friend, and we spent a great deal of our time together. It was my delight to go to the humble cottage and pass the evening with my chum. When we were tired of play and were growing heavy with sleep, the dear old lady would make the two little fellows kneel by her side and say their evening prayers. The picture that comes most vividly before my mind when I think of the McSorleys, is that of Tom and Jim, their little rebellious heads bowed low, repeating the simple, beautiful prayers after their mother, who

spoke the words with reverence and tender love.

“As I look back I recall to mind how conscientious Mrs. McSorley was in regard to her religion. Her one great aim in life was to make her two boys fervent Catholics, and with this object in view, every evening she would read to them a portion of the New Testament, narrating some event in the Saviour's life.

“Often when they had played some mischievous prank she would rebuke them by saying gently: “Boys, He is watching you.” But when every other device had failed to bring them to penitence, she would say: “What will John think when he knows this?” Instantly their mischief would cease, as they would beg her not to tell brother, John.

“John was the hope and the pride of the McSorley family. Six years previously his mother had proudly sent him away to Paris, where he was going to study for the priesthood. Each month his mother mailed to him every cent she could spare from her hard-earned savings to defray his expenses, and at longer intervals an elegantly phrased letter would come from Paris addressed to Mrs. McSorley. Eagerly the letter would be read by the proud mother to the two boys listening in open-mouthed wonder, and then it would be sent to the neighbors, that they also might know what a grand man her John was becoming under the direction of his saintly superiors at Saint Sulpice.

“So wholeheartedly did the mother love her oldest boy, that her only daughter, Mary, held second place in her affections. Mary was a girl religiously inclined, and after her brother's departure for Paris she had entered a convent not very far from the city of Dubuque. Here the mother and the two boys would go every two weeks to see her and tell her of the happenings at home, and most jubilant would these visits be when they brought some news of John, because the fine young seminarian was also the idol of his sister.

“One day I stopped at McSorley's on my way home. As I neared the cottage, Tom rushed down the path to meet me, shouting: “John is coming, John is coming!” And soon I heard the joyful news that John had written he would be home the following week.

“What a week of preparation that week was! The house was scrubbed until a typical Dutch cottage it might have seemed. John's old room was literally turned inside out. The books that he used to love were again brought forth; the slippers he had used were carefully made ready for him, and at last by Monday the McSorley home in gala attire awaited the arrival of the honored son.

“Tuesday and Wednesday were passed in a state of impatient ex-

pectation at the little house, but John did not come. On Thursday, although burning with curiosity to know whether he had returned, I could not manage to leave home, but the next day I hastened to the cottage as fast as I could go, and burst through the door without waiting for an invitation to enter. The first object that met my eye was John. I knew him in an instant, but how different from what I expected. Instead of an American priest he was a Frenchman—Frenchman in manner, dress and accent. He was tall and dapper, foppishly dressed, and the minute he opened his mouth one could tell that he was a fluent talker.

“But how he talked! He laughed at religion, ridiculed matrimony, and scoffed at the idea of God. He was an atheist, and loudly he proclaimed his unbelief. The effect on the two boys can be imagined. In time he ruthlessly butchered the ideals which his mother had labored so faithfully to plant in their boyish hearts. He was a Parisian, not only in speech but also in morals; for instead of following his vocation, he had run a reckless course, and after being expelled from the seminary he had fallen a willing victim to the temptations of the wicked city.

(Owing to the length of this story it is not possible to put it all in one issue. It will be concluded next week.)

There was a young lady named Snyder
Ran a still. When the officer spied
'er,
They asked what she did,
With the stuff—where 'wtas hid
And she said that she put it in cider.
—Didymus.

* * *

Truths.

“I find it easy to meet expenses now-a-days.” “Yeah—me too. I meet 'em on every turn.”

* * *

L. George says that there are 65 different kinds of women.

“What's he know about it?—He's only been married four years.”

“Women painted in the middle ages they say.” Well—they still do.

* * *
“Aviation is rapidly becoming safer.”

“Uh-huh. They're now breaking more records and fewer necks.”

* * *
The man who waits for things to turn up, finds his toes do it first.—Newspaper enterprise.

* * *
Wanted: Maxim Silencer.

In Keokuk, a man made so much noise drinking his coffee, that a deaf man in front of the restaurant shouted, “Run for your lives, the dam is broken.”